NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

A WORD WITH PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

In one thing, Mr. McKinley, you are mistaken. There is no politics in the demand for Otis's removal. There is merely patriotism.

The Journal, a Democratic paper, is ardently in favor of the retention of the Philippines. It was in favor of this policy long before you, Mr. McKinley, had definite opinions on the subject. It was urging in its editorials and in dispatches from Cuba that the American flag be "nailed to the flagstaffs of Porto Rico and the Philippines—**NOT SIMPLY HOISTED THERE, BUT NAILED**"—while you were in ... customary condition of doubt and indecision. We believe that what was Democratic policy under Jef... and Monroe should be Democratic policy to-day. We want to see this great country expand in power ...rritory and extend the benefits of its enlightenment and independence to as many peoples as possible. ... not wish to see the idea of expansion made odious by administrative incompetence and corruption. ... of Otis there is only such politics as is good for you, Mr. McKinley—only such politics as is ...untry.

... a plan are wanted in the Philippines. The man may be Merritt or Miles or another. ...t Otis.

... must be one that adds reason and righteousness to mere brute force. The Journal's ...e:

...—To draw up for the Filipinos a constitution embodying the most liberal form of government possible, not treating the Philippines as subject colonies, but making them an integral part of the Union and allowing them the freest form of territorial government. Let a Governor be appointed by the President from among the residents of the islands. Let the people elect their own Legislature. Let them make whatever laws they please for themselves, as long as these laws are not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States. The Filipinos will then have as much freedom as if they were absolutely independent, and will, in addition, have the commercial and military resources of the United States for their development and protection. There will then be no reason for disaffection, except the personal ambition of revolutionary leaders.

Second—To send **adequate** forces under **competent** officers thoroughly to subdue and pacify the most important points on the islands and establish there this liberal government, giving the Filipinos an object lesson in the advantages of **American** citizenship. When they see harbors teeming with American shipping, cities growing, schools building and the people of the favored localities content and prosperous, the inhabitants of the disaffected districts will realize that they have **nothing to fight for;** that they are expending blood and treasure for the advancement of ambitious leaders **incapable** of giving as free and progressive a government as will then exist in the American districts. The leaders will lose their followers. The insurgent country will surrender to American progress and prestige.

Try it, Mr. McKinley. Why, one island prospering under American protection would soon bring all the others knocking at our doors.

ANOTHER WORD TO MR. BRYAN.

The Journal cannot "come out for Phillipine independence" in the sense that you suggest.

First, because it honestly belives that the Philippines would not HAVE independence if left to themselves, but would be goverend by a military dspot; that they cannot have greater individual LIBERTY than by becoming citizens of the United States.

Second, because it honestly believes that the Philippine Islands will be of great advantage to the United States—that as civilization moves westward and our trade with Asia develops as it is developing, the islands will be of immense value as depots and distributing points in addition to their intrinsic wealth; that we cannot afford to overlook material advantage, as the wealth of a country means largely the welfare of its citizens.

Third, because honestly it believes that expansion is good DEMOCRATIC doctrine, since it brings about a condition that offers increased opportunity to the masses, and since most of our expansion has been done under good democratic Presidents.

Finally, because it honestly believes that the Democratic party at present is seriously injuring its chances by declaring against expansion, and is running the risk of returing to its hopelessly unsuccessful policy of obtrction and opposition for mere opposition's sake that kept it out of power for so many years—because the Journal thinks that by this policy the Democracy will alienate from itself all that is yong, ardent, vigorous and progressive in the nation, and prevent many a man from voting for it who in all other things is opposed to McKinleyism.

The Journal thinks the Democratic policy should be to oppose the favoritism, mismanagement and corruption of the Republicans and the MILITARY GOVERNMENT which they purpose establishing in the Philippines, to denouncethe unnecessary war whch this UN-AMERICAN attitude has brought on, and to advocate offering to the Philippines true independenc by making them an integral part of the Union and giving them at present the freest form of territorial government. THE JOURNAL.

THE CITY'S RIGHTS SECURED.

Thanks to the vigilance of Comptroller Coler it was agreed yesterday by the Rapid Transit Commissioners and the Corporation Counsel that the tunnel contract should be so amended that all conduit privileges should be reserved to the city. This insures an enormous revenue, which in time may exceed that obtained from the primary uses of the tunnel, and which will be almost all clear profit.

If the Comptroller's calculations are correct, as there is every reason to believe they are, this income will pay off the construction bonds in a few years, and leave the Rapid Transit system an unincumbered possession of the city. It will be a noble property—one that will be unmatched in any other city in the world. It will be a monument to the authorities that secure it to the community, and every official with a spark of ambition or imagination will try to identify his name with that achievement.

THE TRUSTS AND THE TUNNEL.

The trusts will get the first benefit from the rapid transit tunnel unless particular care is taken to head them off. It is estimated that at present prices for iron and steel the enterprise would cost $10,000,000 more than it would have cost eighteen months ago. These ... s, of course, would go into the ... trust monopolists who control ... rests.

... necessary to submit to that extortion. The present squeeze in iron and steel is admitted to be temporary. Skilled observers of the markets are convinced that the trusts cannot keep up the existing prices very long. As soon as the rush of orders slackens prices will go down, perhaps even faster than they have gone up.

Obviously it would be folly for us to contract for the whole tunnel under present conditions. Our only sensible course will be to contract for one section first, with as little iron and steel work as possible. Long before there will be any occasion to think about rails, conduits or electrical equipment the prices of metals will have gone down to reasonable figures.

Let us have rapid transit for the people, not for the trusts.

SYMPATHY, NOT STOCK.

It is pleasing to know that the retail butchers have raised $2,000,000 for their independent slaughter houses. This enterprise is an excellent thing for the butchers to go into, and it is one that deserves the practical sympathy of the public. People who have sums of money that they can afford to lose in a good cause can put them to no better use than in subscribing for some of the stock the butchers are going to put on the market.

But people of small means should not invest in such an enterprise. The retailers are fighting a national trust, which has not only millions of money but the National Government behind it, with the Attorney-General and all the machinery of the law. Let the poor give them their sympathy and their patronage, but let them keep out of investments in which they would have as much chance of holding their own as a handful of messenger boys would have against a trained army.

Will These Men Fight Trusts?

Editor of the New York Journal:

In your issue of to-day you speak of the anti-trust conference to be held in Chicago in September. Judging from the men appointed as delegates to it one would hardly think it would be anti-trust to any considerable extent. Governor Stephens, of Missouri, who says trusts will be the paramount issue in 1900, appointed delegates to the Anti-Trust Convention, every one of whom is connected with trusts, and Governor Roosevelt, of New York, has appointed Senator Chauncey M. Depew, ex-Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle, Dr. Albert Shaw, Bourke Cockran, George Gunton, Frank Thurber, John B. Clark, Henry White, Stephen P. Corliss, Jacob G. Schurman, Thomas M. Osborne, George E. Green and John McMackin. It will be a strange anti-trust convention with such men as Depew, Carlisle & Co. as active members.

The trust question cannot be shifted or dodged—it is looming up above all others, and it is certain that the party that seizes on it first and exaggerates it most will make more out of it than out of any other issue.

A MEMBER OF THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' AND HOTEL MEN'S LEAGUE.

New York, Sept. 5.

PRIVATE WILLIAM JACKSON, who was under treatment for stomach trouble at Columbus, Ohio, was told by some humorous comrades that unless he submitted to an operation he would be court-martialled and shot. His mind gave way and he became a raving maniac. The essence of a "practical joke," as a rule, is simply the infliction of suffering. It is a peculiarly atrocious form of stupidity. At West Point it takes the form of hazing, and there the offenders are dealt with as they deserve by military discipline. There ought to be a taste of martial law for practical jokers everywhere.

"THE CITY OF NEW YORK" IS GAUDY.

ALAN DALE ATTENDS A "MARKED DOWN" MATINEE.

THE first of a series of "marked down" matinee performances took place at the Star Theatre yesterday. The mighty playhouse which once sheltered Irving, and, later on, Irving's Darwinian ancestors—a troupe of trained monkeys—was filled to the explosion point. The vicinity of Fourteenth street is the neighborhood for bargains, and the Star was stuffed with men and women, girls, boys and babies. The men, women, girls and boys chattered; the babies cried. In fact, it was a toothing infant who interrupted the full beauty of Miss Victory Bateman's remarks to her lover, as she told him—or tried to tell him—that, should all the world repulse him, yea, scorn him, she would cling to him still! The majesty of these beautiful words was marred by the plaintive baby, who didn't understand them and was not particularly anxious that his elders should do so.

"The City of New York," advertised as "Walter Fessler's big scenic production," is a melodrama of the direct and primitive calibre that appeals to bargain-hunters. It is made up of the remnants of a dozen—nay, two dozen—other melodramas, neatly stitched together and peppered with specialties. The scenery is tumultuous, but consists for the most part of drops, kaleidoscopically painted. The Bowery rolls down upon you in the easiest and gracefullest manner—the Bowery, with two painted cable cars apparently about to tumble into the laps of the audience. And Grant's Tomb at Riverside is another big scenic affair, furnished with a couple of garden seats upon which the various types can sit and hold forth. The Claremont Hotel is a delightful, perforated affair—slits being cut in the canvas through which the lights of that rollicking resort of wealth and fashion exude in multi-colored warmth.

But I don't know whether the scenery was painted for the play or whether the play was written for the scenery. The author of the work is not mentioned. Possibly Mr. Fessler wrote the play and painted the scenery. Both are equally gaudy and aboriginal—if I may use such an expression. Yet there was "sympathy" in this crude melodrama. I saw a stout lady, who had probably been haggling over a five-cent counter in the adjoining stores, wipe the tears from her eyes as Tom told his poor black mother (I mean black-clad mother, of course) that he would stay—yes, indeed he would—and face the consequences of his rash act. Tears trickled down the lady's cheeks as the black mother swooned in his manly arms.

The little gallery boys roared—in a way that spoke volmes for adolescent morality—when Gerard Leighton, "one of the 400" (I couldn't help wondering what the other 399 were like), bought some flowers from a little girl and then tried to kiss her. "I'll sell no flowers to such men as you!" she cried, flinging down the money. And it was at this that the little gallery boys laughed. Fie! Fie!

They don't appreciate cynicism at bargain matinees, so Mr. Fessler had to be very careful about his epigrams. But when one moralist remarked, "Those rubberneck farmers at Albany will soon be ploughing the Bowery and planting potatoes there," a plump German by my side muttered sotto voce "True! True!" and nodded his head in a most approving manner. There was food for all sorts of people in "The City of New York." Two little bargain matinee girls reddened beneath their morning coat of kalsomine, as the black mamma said solemnly, "Protect the gyurls that roam about the streets from the wolves in men's form." The theme of man's duplicity and woman's weakness is strongly emphasized below Twenty-third street. Above that rubicon it is occasionally and justifiably vice-versa'd.

The villain in "The City of New York" tells the audience everything. His innermost thoughts are instantaneously revealed. He says "I guess I'll go and break open that safe," just as you and I would say "Excuse me while I run and mail this letter." Then he turns to the audience, and in a winning way remarks: "I guess Nellie's father would never let her marry me if he knew my character." In fact, nobody could possibly call him subtle. If villainy in real life is writ upon a man's face (a saying of the truth of which I have my doubts) on the cheap stage, it bubbles from his lips and froths over into the audience. The villain is stabbed in the second act by the hero, who has discovered that he is a forger, a dallier with mortgages and lots of other things. The stabbing takes place just by Grant's Tomb, on the spot where once upon a time we used to bicycle.

But "The City of New York" has its cheerful side. It has its "types." There is "Rubberneck Mag, Queen of the Bowery" (one of those remarkable creatures who are put on for local coloring); Danny Riley, a newsboy, one of those noble little creatures who would sooner say heroic things than sell papers, and the flower girl who wouldn't let the kisser of the Four Hundred buy her flowers. None of these "types" have the slightest value or character, but they occur cheerfully as respites from murder and forgery, and they pad out a half hour or so and earn their salary.

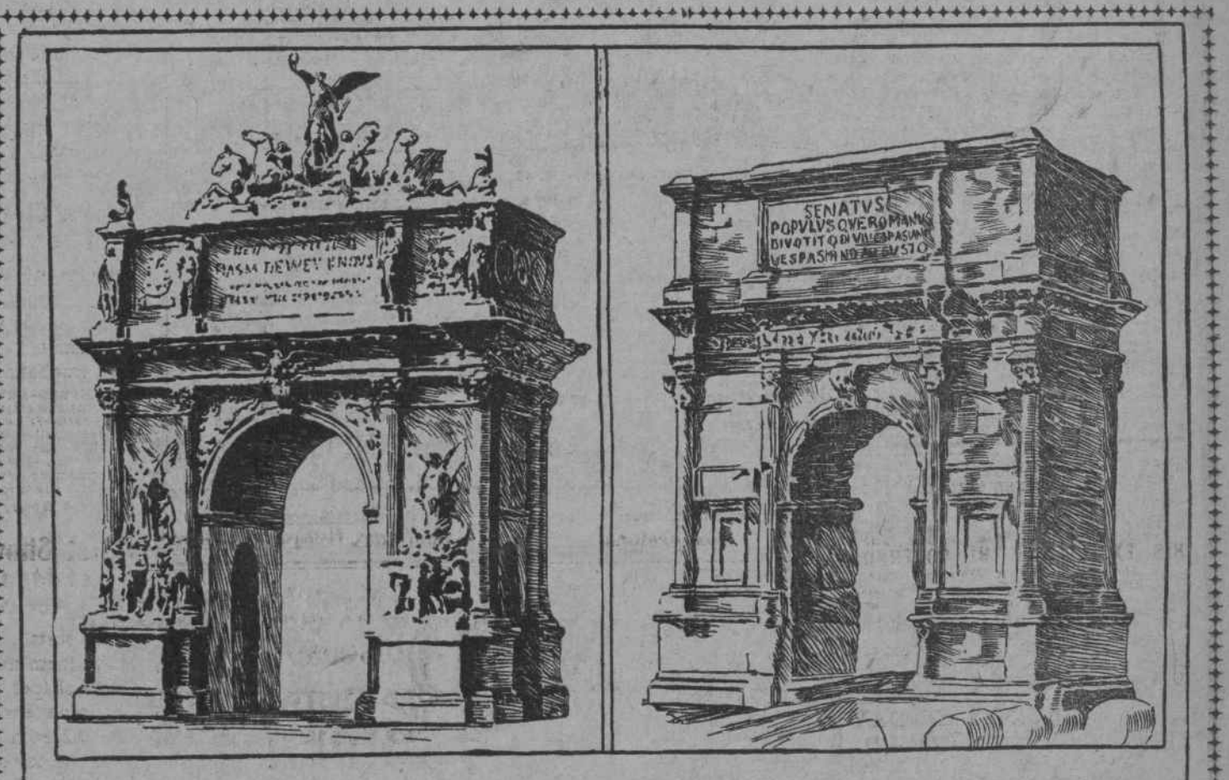
Miss Victory Bateman played the heroine in an arch manner, and a blue muslin dress. Miss Bateman—like Miss Morieena Kenwigs—wore her hair in pig-tails, and was pathetic before she had been on the stage two minutes. But the bargain-matinee girls who wot nothing of and care less for thin, lissome heroines with melting eyes, thought her just too lovely for anything, especially when she swore that should all the world repulse him—yea, scorn him—she would cling to him still. The crying baby that marred this speech was indignantly sh-sh-sh-sh'd at. In fact, I have discovered that women hate a baby when it is thrust between them and their stage hero or heroine.

Lester Lonergan was the heroic Tom, and Mr. Lonergan is certainly a wonder as vigor goes. He played as earnestly and as conscientiously as he could—and that fact is worth chronicling, for actors don't always do it at bargain Wednesday matinees. Mr. Lonergan displayed a slight hunger for scenery, and I thought once that he was going to masticate Riverside Drive, but he refrained and allowed it to remain. Nestor Lennon, who used to be the Adonis among all the Stalactas and beautiful ladies of "The Black Crook," was the "one of the 400," and a needless insult to that much maligned community. Walter Fessler himself, who painted the play and wrote the scenery (and I really think that is what he did), appeared as a gambler full of rich, virtuous sentiments, and wearing a headlight diamond in his shirt. Fessler, like most actors who dabble in plays, was extremely kind to himself. He made the villain insult a poor old buffer who asked for alms, and then won the applause of the gallery by instantly handing money to the aforesaid poor old buffer.

On entering the Star Theatre it seemed to me that I smelled burning. I grew uneasy and restive. It is my weak point, and I carefully looked at the door. Then my eye fell on my programme, and I read "This theatre is perfumed by So-and-So's American Bouquet." Well, I don't want any of it on my handkerchief. It appears to be the thing nowadays to drench theatres with "perfume." Why not sweeten the plays and let the houses take care of themselves? ALAN DALE.

ARCH OF DEWEY LIKE THAT OF TITUS.

THE SAMOTHRACE VICTORY AND THE COLONNADE.



The Arch of Admiral Dewey and That of Emperor Titus.

IN comparison with the Arch of Dewey lilies, a swan's wing, the foam at the crest of waves in the sea, will seem gray. Snow, that melting marble dust in which Michael Angelo modelled an Artemis for a Medici, and Falguiere a colossal figure of Resistance, at the Siege of Paris, is blue, pink or violet.

In the light, under the foliage, with banners and ribbons, the Arch of Dewey, made of plaster, wire netting and excelsior, built for a day and beautiful as the Ephemerides, is to be invincibly pure. The Admiral will pass under it, once at least, in white.

Is it destined to live only in our charmed memories? It is the Arch of Titus, the Roman Emperor who said, "I have lost a day," when, circumstances having been adverse to him, he had done good to no one. Its original is a treasure in the art of Rome. It is to be surmounted by the emblematic figure of Victory that Greece invented.

The original was found, thirty-six years ago, in the soil of Samothrace, the island in the Aegean Sea that had the most picturesque mysteries. The original is headless; but the masterpieces of the Hellenes are perfect even in their fragments. A torso of Appollonius is found in the Island of Sicily, and the moderns, who had groped in the dark for ages and ages, learn from it the art of modern sculpture.

Work, pray, let your enthusiasm have its way, be simple in the fine Latin sense, in love with the beautiful, humble of heart—and you may not make a figure of Victory grander than the Samothrace. For the life itself of the Hellenes was a work of art. They must have been happy.

They lived under the doom of fatality, and they knew it; but they were preoccupied only with the living. They were content to be men; they knew what that signified, since thirty thousand Greeks had vanquished a million barbarians. They had not the metaphysical malady that is mortal.

It is the Arch of Titus and the Victory of Samothrace—the Arch of Dewey. But Charles R. Lamb, the architect, and J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, have invested it with new ideas. It has traits of the Arch de Triomphe de l'Etoile and its Victory chariot is a trireme. Her four horses are hippocampi and their leaders are Tritons.

Her face has the expression of Christian eyes. American heroes of naval battles are at her feet. Nothing of Admiral Dewey is there, except the inscription—which is everything—at the cornice. The Arch of Dewey is a tribute to him of Dewey's ancestors.

The colonnade is the originality of the work. It stiffens the avenue through the irregular space from Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth street, in a straight line of the columns of the arch. Seventy feet span the avenue at the triangular building of the Eno estate, seventy feet are spanned by the arch and the colonnade there and at Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth streets.

Ruckstuhl observes that the navy had only two or three monuments in the land. The arch is to be a Pantheon of the navy. On the sides facing east and west are groups of "The Call to Arms," by Philip Martini; "The Combat," by Karl Bitter; "The Triumphal Return," by Charles M. Niehaus, and "Peace," by Daniel C. French.

There are also reliefs representing the "Protection of Our Country," by William Cooper, and the "Progress of Civilization," by Johannes Gelert. There are spandrils facing north and south—the "Atlantic and Pacific Oceans," by R. H. Perry, the "North and East Rivers," by Isidore Konti.

Eight medallions are portraits of Commodore Lawrence, by Henry Boerer; of Commodore Preble, by C. F. Hamann; of Commodore Bainbridge, by Ralph Goddard; of Admiral Worden and Commodore Foote, by Frederick Moynihan; of Commodore John Barry and Admiral Davies, by F. R. Kaldenberg; of Admiral Dahlgren, by Caspar Buberl.

Eight figures, twelve feet tall, are of Commodore Paul Jones, by E. C. Potter; Commodore Hull, by H. K. Bush-Brown; Commodore Decatur, by George T. Brewster; Commodore MacDonough, by T. S. Clarke; Admiral Porter, by J. S. Boyle; Commodore Perry, by J. S. Hartley; Lieutenant Cushing, by H. A. Lukeman, and Admiral Farragut, by W. O. Partridge.

E. P. Proctor has modelled the eagle at the keystone of the arch, north and south. In the colonnade, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth streets, are four groups, symbolizing "The Army," by F. Wellington Ruckstuhl; "The Navy," by G. E. Bissell; the "East Indies," by Charles Lopez; the "West Indies," by Isidore Konti. On the columns are eight identical figures of "Victory," by Herbert Adams.

The work of the sculptors is finished. It was begun in the most difficult circumstances that may be imagined, in the hottest days of the Summer, in great haste. No one had the privilege to say, like Rodin, "I shall wait until the humor comes." It is finished in the cellars of the Madison Square Garden, by diligent artisans pressed in a space too small. Ward was, by a tacit understanding, chief of the sculptors—their Mentor and their Aristarchus.

He had the Grecian attitude that these names suggest at his task that almost ruined his health. He said, "This figure is too photographic, this spandril lacks charm," and the artists destroyed the labor of many days that they had done and began again patiently. They had no hope of reward; they were not working for money; they were sacrificing time, vacations, orders. They have never worked more enchantingly.

They have made a great ode to the American Navy. By boring to the rock the terrace of the Acropolis of Athens, by digging the earth that was brought there to make level the irregular ground in the time of Cimon, Cavvadias brought to light eleven years ago extraordinary treasures. He found statuary mutilated by the soldiers of Xerxes, ruins of temples burnt after the pillage of the Acropolis in 480.

They prove that the material used by sculptors in Attica originally was a sort of tuff, white and varied—at times chalky as shells, at times a soft stone. I admired it one day, when it rained softly on the broken marbles and on the flowers grown in the ruins of the Acropolis. How precious it would be for a hurried arch at the return into a capital of a conqueror!

Of a conqueror, because the darkness of war alone may inspire the whiteness of tall monuments. The Arch of Dewey is whiter than the tuff that Cavvadias unearthed from the soil of the Acropolis.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

ON TOPICS OF MUCH PUBLIC INTEREST.

No Immigration for Him.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I would again beg of you to take a special interest in the project of abolishing immigration and to give it a place under "An American Internal Policy." These are some of my reasons for making the request:

Immigration gluts the labor market and reduces wages.

It causes and increases difficulty in procuring employment.

It makes the life of the worker miserable.

It makes tenure of employment more precarious.

It destroys the easy independence of the American worker.

It increases the worker's house rent.

It increases the purchasing price of a home for the struggling worker to pay.

It puts the worker to more difficulty in finding suitable tenements on account of the necessarily increased competition resulting from such immigration.

Immigration makes the American subject to more unhealthy environments on account of filthy, crowded tenements, and whole streets adjoining, perhaps.

It makes our shopkeepers fail, through inability to compete, or, if successfully competing, it is only at the price of a great lowering of conditions from the former plane.

It makes American capital, enterprise and labor suffer from great commercial depressions by reason of the excessive frugality of ex-immigrants.

It is responsible for an infinite increase in crimes of violence.

It causes the native to be at a disadvantage in his own country. C. SCHOFIELD,

Recording Secretary Pioneer Branch Immigration Exclusion League.

No. 3 N. Grove street, Boston, Mass.

Killed by Democrats.

[Newburg Register.]

The great Ramapo water steal has been killed. Press and people in New York City rose in their might and throttled the grab. And foremost among those who championed the cause of the taxpayers was the Democratic New York Journal, a Democratic Comptroller and a Democratic counsel. When the people will they will.